Father of Argentine Navy.

ADMIRAL BROWN, father of the Argentine Navy, was a native of Ireland and went as a boy to America. In 1812 he settled in Buenos Aires, and two years later accepted a naval command. In the war with Brazil in 1826 he gallantly attacked a force four times greater than his own. He died in 1857.

He May Be Writing, Too

A Thought That May Cheer

Us and Open Up New

Responsibilities.

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

The Hidden Hand STARRING DORIS KENYON

Ramsay Exercises a Strange Fascination Over Doris, Which She Cannot Explain.



A New Photograph of the Talented and Beautiful Doris Kenyon, the Star in "The Hidden Hand."

SYNOPSIS Oris Whitney, daughter of Jud-Whitney, finds her father and a sage man shot in the Whitney mary. The dying Whitney ac-ha his new secretary, Jack Ram-, of the sheoting. The stranger was to be the Grand Duke Alexo-th, who tells Deris, Verda Crane, liney's ward; Dr. Scariey, Doris' toe, and Abner Whitney, her un-that he came to see Whitney. mano, and Abner Whitney, her uncia, that he came to see Whitney
bearing a secret package by which
he sould prove that Dorla was not
Miss Whitney, but his (the Grand
Duke's) daughter, whom he had not
sean for aighteen years. She had
been condemned to death by the
Cast on the warning of a mad

spins, Rasson, that she would be croise a malign influence on the ruler and that she would be the most beautiful woman in the world. The Car had exiled the father and then relenting had taken Doris's ingef prints and entrusted her to Whitney, then in Russia building lroads. The Cuar recalled the Grand Duke and told him the se-cret giving him an explosive packet with a part of the finger prints. The packet could be or-seed only by the seven starred socket owned by Doris. The Grand Duke, dying. rers that the packet has been and expires before the astonished company Rammay reveals himself as a Secret Service agent and the whole family tries to solve the mystery of the shooting. In fact the Hidden Hand, a master fact the Hidden Hand. a master criminal, has made up a confeder-ate to look like Ramsay and thus decured the packet. He now at-tempts to steal the locket from Deria. She fights and he fiese. Heanwhile, Ramsay suspects Scar-ley of manipulating the Whitney money and se informs Doris; Scar-ley denies it; Ahner is also greedy

By Arthur B. Reeve, Country of the "Craig Meanedy"

denies it; Abner is also greedy the fortune and Verda is told him that unless there is a will

story stories, which appear ex-steaty in Cosmopalitus Hagnaine,

Episode 2. Counterfelt Paces,

Sill resented taking orders from thing in his manner and tone hated herself for it, yet she stayed. "Yes," repeated Ramesy ever the

swer at the other end, "Who is A growl came back, "That is

> managed to sences; his at actually hearing the

Abner Whitney. What do you

to Abner. Who could

this mysterious criminal be? If it were Scarley, did he have his carconveniently at the spot at the exact moment when he needed it had he merely scaled the wall and doubled on his tracks? Or, if it had been Abner Whitney, had the time been sufficient for him to get to his house, not far away?

There was nothing that Ramsay wanted to say to Abner except to locate him, and he deliberately hung up without another word, turning to

up without another word, turning to make some extries of the time in his notebook. Like Scarley, now, Abner was also

bitterly hostile to Ramsay, whose voice he had recognized over the

"You may go now, Miss Verda,"
ordered Ramsay, glancing up from
the turning to the his notebook, then turning to the policeman. "And you, too." Doris stood there alone a moment as Ramsay came over to her and fingered the locket about her reck.

looking at it thoughtfully. "I think you might be eafer if you would entrust this locket to

Doris pulled away angrily, stamp-

Doris Resents It.

"I won't. You sha'n't have ft." she cries. "I am perfectly able to take care of myself without any

help from you. I hate you." . A quiet smile played over th rather handsome features of the young Secret Service man. He merely shrugged at her petulance, and turned again to his notebook.

Doris looked at him with growing indignation. What manner of man was this? He was baffling. High-strung and almost hysterical, she threw herself down in a chatt beside the table, sobbing in vexa-

bent over her as though to en age her. At the mere touch of his hand she jumped up, her eyes flash-ing, as she cried again, "Please let me alone. I tell you, I hate

Almost before he knew it Doris had run out of the library, leaving him moodily looking at the papers before him. But his mind was not on them. How was he to win ever this girl surrounded, as he believed, by enemica? It was far and away the most difficult case that he had ever had. An affair of the heart, as he almost felt this was rapidly becoming, was quite different from a criminal investigation. He tried to put all personal feeling out of his mind, and yet always there came back to him the picture of this levely girl in the hands of those who, his detective instinct told him, had all the earmarks of

old him, silainy, pollahed villainy, There was nothing else to do. straight road was cut out for him

to follow, and, come what would, he must protect and save her.

Upstairs, Doris, with many a shudder over the terrible attack which had just been made on her, was doing her best to snatch a few hours of fitful rest. Finally, through sheer weariness, she managed to sleep, but it was not the quiet sleep to which ahe had been accustomed every night for nearly eighteen years.

A Fearful Dream.

Again and again through her mind passed the fearful phantasmagoria of the hideous gauntlet that had stretched its deadly forefinger she fancied that she saw her father as he had been only a few short hours ago. She looked and beside him she could see the mysterious bearded stranger. As she looked both men seemed to stretch out their arms to her in appeal. Whose daughter was she, really?

She woke up in fright, clutching again at the locket, then, as she dropped back upon her pillow, she realized that although it had been only a dream which she saw, it was a fearful reality which she faced.

So the night passed. Doris dozing tfully and Ramsay down in the library working desperately to uncover among Judson Whitney's papers some clue that would point to

solution of the mystery. Nor was Ramsay the only person Nor was Ramsay the only person interested in the safety of the girl. In the den from which the Hidden Hand had issued earlier in the eve-ning, his emissary whom he had made up as an exact replica of Ramsay had returned, carrying the gauntlet of death. It was some time later that the signal light over the door fisshed and the Hidden Hand

himself returned. Trembling, the false Ramsay and the other emissaries bowed and shuffled, fearful over what the mas-ter might do in his ill humer at the failure. A look of relief seemed to pass over the faces of them all. He had forgotten his ill success in the eagerness of a new attempt to get the locket.

Also the one idea in the faind of

he muster criminal was the safety of the half of the secret which he already possessed. In a corner stood a spherical safe of peculiar design. Only he knew the combina-tion, which consisted in rocking the safe a certain number of times to the right, to the left, and to the

A few moments and he had spened the safe. An exciamation of satisfaction escaped from his hard and cruel lips as he pounced upon a rectangular packet, in the side of which was the circular depression the exact size and shape of the locket which Doris wore.

To Be Condaned To-magrow.

DRACULA, THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER

Before we moved away Van Helsing, said:—

Now, my friends, one step of our work is done, one the most harrawing to ourselves. But there remains a greater task; to find out the suttior of all this our sorrow and to stamp him out. I have clues which we can follow; but it is a long task, and a difficult, and there is danger in it, and pala. Shall you not all help me? We have learned to believe, all of us—is it not so? And since so, do we not see our duty? Tes! And de we not promise to go on, to the bitter end?

Each in turn, we took his hand, and the promise was made. Then said the professor as we moved off.—

Two nights hence you shall meet with me and dine together at seven of the clock with friend John. I shall entreat two others, two that you know not as yet; and I shall be ready to all our work show and our plans unfeld. Friend John, you come with me home, for I have buch to consult about, and you can help me.

WORK ACCOMPLISHED. VAN HELSING GOES HOME. "To-night I leave for Amsterdam, but shall return tomorrow night. And then have much to say, so that you may now what is to do and to dread. Then mise shall be made to each other new; for there is a terrible task before is, and once our feet are on the plough thare, we must not draw back."

CHAPTER XVII. DR. SEWARD'S DIARY-Continued. When we arrived at the Berkeley Hotel. Van Helsing found a telegram waiting for him:
"Am coming up by train. Jonathan at Whitby. Important newes.—Mina Harker."

The professor was delighted. "Ah, that wonderful Nadam Mina," he said, "pearl among vomen! She arrive, but I cannot star. She must go to your house, frierd John. You must meet her at the station. Telegraph heren route, so that she may be pre-

When the wire was dispatched he had a cup of tea; over it he told me of a diary kept by Jonathan Harker when abread, and gave me a typewritten copy of it, as also of Mrs. Harker's diary at Whitby. "Take these, he said, "and study them well. When I have returned you will be master of all the facts, and we can then better enter on our inquisition. Keep them safe, for there is in them much of treasure. You will need all your faith, even you who have had such an experience as that of today.

DOCTOR LEAVES DIARIES
FOR CLOSE STUDY.

"What is here told," he laid his far way it has it say something?"

(To Be Centinuer Temestrew) When the wire was dispatched he

"What is here told," he laid his

kian hor. Kias her dead hips if you will, an ahe would have you to, if for her to choose. For she is not a grimning deyll now—not any more a foul Things for all eternity. No longer ashe is the devil's Un-Dead. She is God's true dead, whose soul its with Him?" Arthur bent and kissed her. and then we sent him and Quincey out of the top off the bead and filled the mouth with garlic. We soldered up the leaden offin, acrowed on the coffinild, and gathering up our belonging, came away. When the professor locked the door he gave the key to Arthur.

Outside the air was aweet, the sun shore, and the birds same, and it seemed as if all nature were tuned to a different pitch. There was gladness and mirth and peace everywhere, for we were at rest ourselves on one account, and we were glad, though it was with a tempered joy.

Before we moved away Yan Helsing said:—
"Now, my friends, one step of our work is done, one the most harrowing to ourselves. But there remains a greater task; to find out the siffior of all this our sorrow and to stamp him out. I have clues which we can follow; but it is a long task, and a difficult, and there is damper in it, and pain. Shall you not all belp me? We have

The blush that rose to my own cheeks somehow set us both at ease, for it was a tacit answer to her own. I got her luggage, which included a typewriter, and we took the Underground to Preschurch street, after I had sent a wire to my house keeper to have a sitting-room and bedroom prepared at once for Mrs. Harker.

In due time we arrived She know

bedroom prepared at once for Mrs. Harker.

In due time we arrived. She knew, of course, that the place was a lunatic asylum, but I could see that she was unable to repress a shudder when we entered.

She fold me that, if she might, she would come presently to my study, as she had much to say. So here I am finishing my entry in my phonograph diary whilst I await her. As yet I have not had the chapes of looking at the papers which Van Helsing left with me, though they lie open before me. I must get her interested in something, so that I may have an opportunity of reading them. She does not know how precious time is, or what a task we have ous time is, or what a task we have in hand. I must be careful not to frighten her. Here she is: MINA PAYS VISIT

TO DR. VAN HELSING.

MINA HARKER'S JOURNAL. 29 September-After I had tidled myself, I went down to Dr. Seward's ment, for I thought I heard him talking with some one. As, however, he had pressed me to be quick I knocked at the door, and on his calling out, "Come in," I entered.

To my intense surprise, there wa no one with him. He was quite alone, and on the table opposite him was what I knew at once from the

(To Be Continuer Tomerrow)

Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Two Sisters.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am twenty and a stenographer. I met a very nice young man who loves me and in return I like him very dearly. What I want to say is he is not rich.

My parents say I have no right to go out with anyone before my older sister, but they say, it would older sister, but they say, it would be different if this young man were rich. I would like to know whether it is right for me to ask my friend when he buys tickets for a theatre, etc. to get another ticket for my sister. Would that be imposing upon him? A CONSTANT READER.

THERE is an old world tradition which goes back to such authority as the Bible story of Leah and Rachel and which requires that until the older sister is married the younger one shall not wed. But the modern day generation does not insist on anything so difficult. It is certainly not fair to demand that when a younger girl happens to most the man for whom she cares she shall not marry him until her sister is likewise provided with a husband. From the point of view of common sense every one sees that a married sister is in a position to give her single sister social good times. It does not shame or disgrace the older girl one bit to have the younger one married before she is. Indeed in this day when weman is coming so splendidby into her own, there is no parti-cular reason why the older sister abould not be just as useful, worth while and happy an individual as is the younger even though site re-main a bachelor maid while her sis-ter marries. It must be nice for arries. It might be nice for you and your friend to take your aister along occasionally, but unless you are engaged you are scarcely in a position to ask him to spend mater 40 145 -

A Difficult Problem.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty and dearly love
a young man twenty-four, who
has asked me to marry him. I
do not know whether to accept
him for this reason: If I marry
him we will live with his mother
and young brother, who are depending upon him for support.
Now, I also have a mother and
very, young brother depending upon me for support. I
would not think of leaving
mother alone; in fact, I would
rather not marry him than think
rather not marry him than think mother alone; in fact, I would rather not marry him than think that mother and brother would be alone, although this young man is the only one I could ever love. Should I place this extra burden on him; say that mother and brother must live with us; or what shall or can I do? Your advice will be very much appreciated.

M. H.

MY dear child, your position is a very difficult one. I don't be-Here that any one concerned will have half a chance for happiness if you combine all your household under one roof and try living together. I suppose neither of you is earning enough so that you could marry and leave your people enough of an allowance to support them. If that were possible, it would, of course solve your problem. But three women in your positions can hardly live happily under one roof, and if you were to try it, I think your marriage would probably go on the rocks. Can you not wait, try to save a bit and manage in some way to give your mothers and little brothers separate support. If you cannot, I am afraid you will have either to give each other up or to start one household and make up your mind to live the life of a perpetual peacemaker and

AVE you ever noticed how often it happens that, soon after you have written a letter to someone you care for, you receive a letter in return which shows that he or she was writing to you at the same time? There

By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

who are convinced that thought is a definite force—as capable of direction as is electricity or any other form of energy whose governing laws we have mastered, and a force whose sending and receiving apparatus is provided by Nature in our own individual organ-

to be true. If it is it opens a new age and faith affect those we love whether they be near us or afar off, how much more important our thoughts at once become in our eatimation! It is worth considering anyway, ian't it?

Little Bobbie's Pa

think-ing of buying the ottomobeel but not now. Pa called the ottomobeel; a L W. W.; it dident work.

I may buy this car, sed Pa, wen we started out for our ride. It beelongs to old Bob Footbraik, sed Pa, he had a milyun left to him & he left it to Broadway, sed Pa. He needs a littel change now, sed Pa, and I may buy this car.

I hoap you will think twise, sed Ma, beefear you buy a secondhanded car. I have offen thot, sed Ma, about the first new car that you were going to bring rolling up to the house I dident evver dreem that you wud buy a used car. Well, we will see, sed Pa. Where

wud you & little Bobble like to go this P. M. ? We mite go out to Brewster & see

Caroline, sed Ma, I have been wanting to see her for sum time. Brewster it is, then, sed Pa, & he toald the driver to talk us to Brewster.

The car went fine for a little while & Pa was talking all the time about how butiful is Nater. Fill yure lungs with sir, Bobots, sed Pa, & look at them golden feelds of waving corn, sed Pa. It was in jest such feelds that I worked wen a boy, sed Pa, & got this fire pourful frame of mine, strong & rugged as this car, sed Pa, & then the car

Now, Bobbie, sed Ma, you can get a good look at them golden feelds of corn. We will prubly be rits here for quite a stretch, sed Ma, if I am not grately mistalken.

We will be on our way in a minnit, sed Pa, it is only the spark plug, Pa sed. Wen I put in a new spark plug we will be flying rite along aggenn, sed Pa.

Are you sure that is what alls this char-lot? sed Ma; it seemed to me, sed Ma, that it went to peeces all at onst & nothing fust, sed Ma, like the old one (1) Horse Shap,

we can do, sed Ma, setting out here in this cold Fall air. Bobble, sed Ma, do you think yure father will rise to the occashun?

I donnt know, I sed, I wish a other car wud cum along. Well, Master Mechanick, ged Ma

to Pa, after we had waited about a hour, how to old 9997 Of what are you speaking of, sed

The gasoleen ghost, sed Ma, that you brot us out in. How does it look for gitting hoam beefoar win-

F. Kirk. Do not borrow trubbel, sed Pa. | ter fassens its toy clutch on the land, sed Ma.

> that I am falce to falce with a crisis, sed Pa. This is no time to g jeer, sed Pa, wen I need to have my wits about me & fix this here car.

& then a freng of Pa caim along, be was driving a big truck & he put our car beehind his truck & he brot us back to town.

All the way back Ma was laffing about, what a grate car our car was & how nice it ran wen it was running after a truck.

and have the second sec

Anecdotes of the Famous

That life-long social worker on behalf of women and children, Lady Henry Somerset, tells a quaint story of a little maid of seven Summers. who, tired with play, sat with folded hands gazing fixedly at the fire. Looking up finally with a thoughtful expression on her face, she said: "Mamma, if I get married when I

grow up, will I have a husband like papa?" The mether turned, looked down

into the earnest eyes and answered with alemile: "Why, yes, dear; if you get mar-

paps."
"And if I don't get married, will
I be an old maid like Aunt Nellie?" "Yes, dear; you would be an eld maid," answered the mother, laugh-

maid, answered the motion, assu-ing at the queer question. "But whatever put such thoughts into that little head?"
But the child didn't laugh. She only looked grave and said dejectedly:
"Well, it's a pretty tough world

General Sir Francis Lloyd tells this amusing story of a drill ser-

geant and a tall recruit. Though diminutive as to stature, the sergeant's temper was fares, and he possessed a ready and a

"Now then, you, Private Knagga," he bawled, "'old yer 'ead up. There

ain't no three-penny-bits lyin' about on this parade-ground." "Shail I always have to look cop. Sergeant?" asked the country lad. "Always!" was the fierce reply. "Then," answered Private Knasge, as he lifted his face to the akies, "good-by, Sergeant, for I

The First Coffee House, The first coffee house really de-

serving to bear that name, which was opened in London, was satablished in 1652 by Pasqua, in Newman's Court, Cornhill. Pasqua, a Greek, was servant to Mr. Edwards, a Turkey merchant, and the tasts of the new beverage increased came common in London at the date of the Restoration of Charles Seend. It is recorded in "Evelya"s Diary," on May 10, 1937, that "there came in that year to the College of Balliol. in Oxford, one Nathaniel Conopios, out of Greece, who was the first that ever I saw drink cof-fee, which custond came not inte England until about thirty year